

Notes From a Budding Ornithologist

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Genre: Birds, Child Abuse, Eddie and Stan are brothers, Eddie is a hecking cute younger bro, Gen, Implied/Referenced Child Abuse, Past Child Abuse, Stan is a hecking good older bro, eddie has weekend visits to dads, eddie is 10, heck, more added later, pretty hecking cool birds, rest of losers are 12 or 13, stan is 13, stans dad has full custody of him

Language: English

Characters: Andrea Uris, Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Donald Uris, Eddie Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Sonia Kaspbrak, Stanley Uris

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Summary:

Stan would do anything for his little brother. He would skip bird-watching, stay up late to comfort him, help with homework, crawl through sewers, buy whatever he wanted, anything his bunny wanted.

Except remember. That, Stan never wanted to do again.

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Inspired by our anon asks on Tumblr : what if Eddie and Stan were brothers that would be cute (and not angsty at all)

# 1. Great Cormorant

## Author's Note:

First I would like to say that this is a co-written story, but eddies-hoe-shorts (on tumblr) doesn't have an AO3 account so I cant add her as co-creator here : ((

This also means that every other chapter will be written by her!! So chapter 2, 4, 6, 8 - you get it - will be written by eddies-hoe-shorts!! I strongly suggest you check out the tumblr too, she also posts the stupid meMeS we make to go along with this story ;))))

Stan waited anxiously outside of the middle school. His eighth grade class had been released first, children flooding out as fast as they could. No one wanted to be stuck at school on a Friday, especially in the rain that was steadily getting worse.

Stan knew next would be the 7th graders, children he found infuriating with how slow they made their way out of the school. He wanted to scream at them to hurry up, that the sixth graders had to get out and that they were cutting into his time with Eddie.

But instead he waited outside patiently with his raincoat on, starched white shirt and pleated pants. He dressed better than his classmates, not out of any superiority complex or anything, more because he liked being clean.

*(There was a reason he liked cleanliness but he preferred not to think about it, not to think about wet knees as he kneeled in a puddle, eyes wide and scared as he clutched his little brother to him-)*

Finally, finally, the bell went off for a third time and children much shorter than Stan began to make their way out of the school. He strained his eyes for any sight of dark curly hair, for skinny limbs and worn out clothing, for dark intense eyes that seemed to lighten when looking at him, for-

*Whoomf!*

Stan stumbled back surprised when he felt arms wrap around his waist and a little body press up against him, but quickly relaxed when he looked down and saw Eddie's adoring eyes stare back up at him.

"Hey sweetheart, have a good day at school?" he asked, hugging his little brother back.

"Yeah, it was good. I'm glad it's the weekend!" Eddie said, hair curling in the rain. Stan sighed and ruffled it, taking his own backpack off.

"I finally got you a raincoat so you can stop stealing mine," he said, zipping his backpack open and pulling out a smaller sized version of his own raincoat. Eddie let out a happy noise and took it gratefully, putting it on.

"Thanks Stanny. You got any snacks?" he asked as they began to walk away from the school. Every Friday Stan would take his little brother to the park with his binoculars and his bird book and bird watch for an hour.

Stan silently took a granola bar out of his raincoat pocket and handed it to Eddie. The boy ripped it open and started to eat, walking in pleasant silence to the park.

Or at least they were, until Stan noticed out of the corner of his eye that Eddie was itching his hair maddeningly. Eddie had been plagued by bouts of lice for as long as Stan could remember. It kept his younger brother out of school for weeks at a time because their mom (*Stan hated to even refer to her as that - she was Sonia not mom, Sonia not mom and she got to fucking keep Eddie away from him-*) never seemed to care enough to comb through his hair and stop it from getting any worse. That job was left up to Stan, staying up late on Fridays night to make sure Eddie would be okay until the next time it happened.

"Is your hair still itchy?" Stan asked, and immediately started combing through his brother's hair. Eddie shied away, ducking his

head so that Stan couldn't check.

"Yeah," the younger boy mumbled, shrugging his shoulders.

"Let's just go home then. It won't be fun if you're all itchy," Stan said, veering off course from the park. Eddie hesitated for a moment, staring longingly in the direction of the park before hurrying to catch up with Stan.

Stan felt the same longing, wanted to go to the park and point out the birds for his little brother, recite the names of them and let Eddie use the binoculars. It had been so long since he last got to bird-watch, something distracting him every weekend, a new problem Stan had to solve for Eddie. He didn't mind though.

There wasn't anything that Stanley wouldn't sacrifice for his little brother.

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"Definitely lice again Eddie," Stan sighed and dropped the comb. The ten-year-old groaned with shame and put his head into his hands.

"Don't be embarrassed sweetheart, I'll clear it up," Stan soothed the boy, even as anger grew in him. It didn't take a lot of *fucking* time and money to get rid of lice in ONE child, so why does Eddie always seem to get it when he had to go back to Sonya's?

It rankled Stan, but he would never show it in front of Eddie. He didn't deserve anything but love and affection and if Stan was the only one who could give that to his baby brother, then he would sure as hell give it to him.

"I hate it though! It's always itchy," Eddie sniffled, face downcast still with shame. He reached up one hand but brought it down quickly, gritting his teeth with concentration.

"We'll wash your hair again Eds, don't panic. I've still got that special conditioner, and we'll wash your clothes. You can borrow some of mine tonight," Stan reasoned. It probably wouldn't 100% clear up the lice for the boy, but it would make it bearable, at least for the night.

Stan winced internally as he thought of what he would have to do tomorrow. Strip the bedding to clean it, wash and comb Eddie's hair, wash his own hair, and much more.

But he would do that every single morning if it meant he woke up next to his little brother and was the first one to say good morning to him. Stan would wash a fuck ton of stuff for that to happen every day.

"Let's wash your hair now bunny, get it all better." he said, turning the faucet on. Eddie sniffed and walked over, placing his head under the faucet and allowing the hot water to wet his hair. Stan pushed his hair further under, grimacing as he picked out the nits from his younger brother's hair.

"Is it bad?" Eddie asked softly, still hunched over the sink. Stan sighed non-committedly and stopped picking them out, instead turning to grab the special lice conditioner he kept just for Eddie.

"So it is," his younger brother said grumpily, but didn't raise his head from under the hot water. Stan shrugged and simply started to wash Eddie's hair with the conditioner, making sure it coated every last bit of the boy's hair. They stayed like that for a while, both quiet as they waited to be done with the ordeal.

Eddie groaned suddenly, gripping both sides of the sink as he shut his eyes tight. Stan immediately stopped washing his hair, turning the water off completely.

"What's wrong Eds? Do you feel sick?" he asked but Eddie shook his head no, opening his eyes again.

"You can turn the water back on, it's just something with the pills," he said and Stan felt himself stiffen but turn the water on. Of course it was the pills, completely unnecessary medication whose only purpose was to screw up his little brother's system and keep the boy under Sonia's control. Him and Eddie had a long-standing rule that he wouldn't take the medication when over at Stan's house, instead simply flushing that day's dosage down the toilet. Stan pretended not to notice the couple of times where Eddie gave in, dry-swallowing a pill and claiming he lost it when Stan asked.

“What about the pills?” he asked, fighting to keep his voice calm. Eddie didn’t react well to anger or yelling, just shrinking back into himself if either made itself known.

(Not that Stan didn’t either, some involuntary reaction that drew him back and left him cowering for reasons he didn’t quite remember)

Eddie was silent, simply allowing Stan to continue washing his hair. “Bunny, what are the pills making you feel?” he asked again.

“I dunno...”

“Tell me about it, you know I can help,” Stan pleaded, still working the conditioner into his hair.

Eddie hesitated and bit his lip hard, eyes trained on the floor. “I dunno, sometimes they make me feel dizzy.” he shrugged before adding, “but I feel dizzy all the time.”

“She needs to stop giving you those. You don’t need them!” Stan said, but with no real fight in his voice. Him and Eddie had fought long and hard over ‘illnesses’ and pills, but Stan stopped when Sonia began claiming that Eddie was too sick to come over on the weekends. He hated it, but Stan backed off immediately and the next weekend his little brother had come over, slightly dizzy and nauseous and with a new pill, but he had come over anyways.

“Okay Stanny, I hear you. But...” Eddie hesitated and opened his mouth as if to say something, before closing his mouth and swallowing hard. He opened it again and softly said, “I just don’t wanna fight with you anymore about it.”

Stan sighed and took his hands out of Eddie’s hair, washing his hands of the foamy conditioner and then rinsing Eddie’s hair of it as well.

"Okay, we won't talk about it again. Lemme get you some pajamas Eddie, I'm done with your hair." Stan said, stepping out of the bathroom connected to his room. He rummaged through his drawers for his smallest pair of pajamas, found them (they were still much too large for Eddie's tiny frame but at least he wouldn't be drowning in cloth) and handed them to his little brother through the bathroom

door.

As he waited for the boy to finish dressing, Stan picked up a worn stuffed rabbit sitting on the top of his bookshelf and picked it up smiling. The bunny had been Eddie's favorite toy as a child, the one thing he had never wanted to share with Stan - even if the toy had been Stan's in the first place. The only reason why Stan kept it now was because-

(Because Sonia would probably throw it away, yell at Eddie for owning a child's toy, and then light a cigarette-)

He shook the thoughts from his head. Stan kept it now because he could simply take better care of it, nothing more and nothing less.

He heard the bathroom door open and turned around smiling, still holding the stuffed animal.

Stan laughed and waved the bunny at his little brother. "You remember this Eds?" he asked, and his younger brother giggled at the stuffed animal.

"Of course I do Stan," Eddie said, crawling onto the bed. At the sight of his little brother in Stan's pajamas that hung off his small frame perches on Stan's bed, Stan couldn't help but remember him as toddler when they actually lived together.

Not just weekend visits, not just sneaking into the lunchroom when the 6th grade was eating to see Eddie, not just walking the boy home. Not just going fucking crazy with worry over his bunny because Stan can't keep his eye on Eddie and protect him.

"Stanny, do you remember anything else? Like...scary stuff?" Eddie asked suddenly, hands nervously fidgeting with the buttons of his borrowed pajamas.

Stan felt his blood run ice cold at the question, even as it simultaneously warmed at the nickname.

Why yes he did, sometimes he remembered things he wished would just stay locked fully in the recesses of his mind but every now and then when he smelt cigarette smoke or glanced at the closet-

(Stan sometimes hid in the closet with the baby, hurriedly grabbing Eddie from his crib and crawling into it, shutting it behind them and staying as quiet as possible so that-)

“No,” he said, heart pounding at the memory. “Nothing scary bunny. You remember something?”

Eddie averted his eyes and laid down, shrugging his shoulders. “I dunno Stan,” he whispered, “if you don’t remember then no.”

“Tell me if you do though bunny. Let me know if anything is scaring you,” Stan said and part of him hoped that Eddie would sit back up and open up, would say “Hey Stanny I actually do, I have these awful memories from your fifth birthday, do you remember? You helped me into the bath and walked off to do something, I was two and had trouble supporting myself because someone shook me when I was a baby - wonder who that was, hmmm - and then I just slipped under-”

Stan forced himself not to think about it. He tended not to think about what life was like before the divorce, didn't want to remember anything. He had more important things to worry about, like a sleepy bunny in his bed.

“Are you getting enough sleep at Sonia’s?” he asked, and even just saying her name made Stan want to scream with how much hate filled his body. He couldn't help but be extremely grateful that their dad had full custody of him, even if it was a sore point when it came to Eddie's situation.

“Yeah. I'm just tired Stanny, Fridays are always long.” Eddie said. Stan placed the stuffed rabbit back on the shelf and climbed onto the bed, laying down next to Eddie.

“I love and hate Fridays. I feel like every minute is actually ten, and I'm just anxiously waiting to bring you home,” Stan complained, and rolled over to look at Eddie.

“Why do you love them then?” Eddie questioned. Stan smiled at him and pulled his baby brother close, tucking the boy under his arm.

“Because I get the whole weekend with my bunny.”

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Stan usually waited until he knew for certain that the entire house was quiet to pick his baby brother up and out of the crib. But tonight Eddie was wailing, standing up in the wooden crib and facing Stan's bed.

The toddler was crying hard, face wet with tears and snot. He reached out desperately from the crib that was much too small for him, chubby toddler hands reaching up to Stan.

Stan tsked lovingly at the boy and made his way over to the crib quickly, in a way that a father would - not a six year old.

"You tired?" he cooed, picking the hiccuping boy up. Eddie sniffed and nodded, tiny body relaxing as Stan supported him.

"You wanna sleep with me, hmm?" Stan said, whispering as to not upset the quiet which had finally settled over the house. The toddler sniffed again and wrapped his arms around Stan's neck, cries silenced at the feeling of his older brother holding him.

Stan walked over to his bed and gently placed Eddie down, shuffling him over until he was up against the wall. One time when Stan used to allow the toddler to sleep on the outside of the bed, Eddie had rolled in his sleep and fallen off of the bed. Stan tried not to think about the bruising that had marked Eddie for weeks later.

*(the bruising from the bed not the other ones Stan never thought about the bruises that marked both him and Eddie he didn't think about it)*

So now Stan made sure the toddler was facing the wall and tucked protectively under his arm so Eddie couldn't fall off the bed and get hurt again.

*(sometimes Stan felt angry at mommy for not giving Eddie a bed because Stan has seen the bruises the crib could leave on the toddler and he knew it was mommy who said he needed to stay in the crib or "He could fall and hurt himself Donald!")*

Stan looked around the room anxiously, making sure the door was shut all the way and the nightlight was still plugged in, that

everything was in perfect order. As long as everything was where it belonged to be they would be okay. They would be okay. As long as Stan could make sure everything was perfect, nothing would go wrong and he and Eddie would be okay.

His eyes lit up when they landed on the stuffed rabbit laying on the floor. Daddy had brought it home just a week ago, placing the soft fabric animal in Stan's eager hands when the child realized a present had been bought for him.

But Eddie had discovered it soon after and fell in love, stroking its fuzzy fur and hugging it to himself. So Stan had given it up to the adoring toddler. It was more of a present just to see the way Eddie would light up when Stan placed the rabbit in his hands, how he would babble to it and play with Stan with it.

So Stan grabbed it, knowing the toddler would be able to fall asleep sooner with his little arms securely around the stuffed animal. He walked over to the bed where his little brother was exploring the pillows, poking them and rubbing his face against the soft material.

"Look, It's your bunny!" Stan said, dropping the stuffed rabbit on Eddie. The boy giggled and grabbed it, previous grievances forgotten now that he was in Stan's bed. He scooped over with the rabbit, face pressed into Stan's neck, and placed his toy precariously on his older brother.

"You're my bunny," Stan whispered to him, and hugged the toddler tight to him. Eddie sighed in contentment and hugged his older brother back, breathing already slowing down in the comforting embrace.

It was the truth, the same way that Eddie's eyes lit up when he saw the bunny, Stan felt himself light up when the toddler turned to him with big wide eyes and a happy expression. He didn't need a stuffed animal to hug at night when he could hug Eddie to himself, didn't need to pet a stuffed animal when he could simply reach up and play with Eddie's soft curls, didn't need to beg someone bigger than him to give him his bunny when he could pick his bunny up and out of his crib.

“Love you Eddie,” he said to the sleepy toddler, beginning to fall asleep himself.

It was an uneasy sleep.

## 2. Black Swan

### Summary for the Chapter:

Eddie makes an unexpected appearance at the Uris residence and Stan is livid.

### Notes for the Chapter:

AIDBROEHE ITS FINALLY HERE

This chapter was written by eddies-hoe-shorts!! Thats her tumblr and you should totally check her out and yeah I'm a little biased bc she's my girlfriend but her work is amazing??? I love it??

Shes asked me to tell everyone that this is her first fic and "not to judge too much" but I'm sure even if you guys don't like this chapter every single chapter will be better and better eh??

I dunno what else to say lmao go and read my brethren

Eddie tried to be strong, he really did. But it was hard to be strong when Sonia was mad or thought he was sick. Stan was always there for him, even if he wasn't physically there Eddie knew that he'd drop everything and be there in a heartbeat if Eddie asked him too. Stan would do anything for him. So when Eddie showed up at the Uris house with a bruised face and red, puffy eyes Stan was livid. He quietly brought his little brother inside.

Eddie was already in Stan's room by the time he got there. When he saw Eddie sitting in his bed sniffing and beat up he wanted to scream. Sonia acted like it was impossible to take care of Eddie, but Stan knew it wasn't, hell he's been taking care of Eddie since he was just barely 4 years old! She is 33 years old! She was a grown ass woman and still treats Eddie as less than shit.

He went and got Eddie the pair of pajamas he kept for his little

brother. While Eddie went into the bathroom to change Stan was thinking of all the things he wanted to tell Sonia. By the time Eddie came back Stan had worked himself up so much he had began to pace. Once he saw Eddie in the doorway he stopped, knowing it would just upset the younger brother more.

“Hey bunny,” Stan said in the gentlest voice he could muster. No matter how angry he was he couldn’t show it because that would just scare the already shocking boy more. Stan patted the spot next to him on the bed. But when the 10-year-old made no move to sit next to him, Stan stood up and walked over, hugging the smaller boy.

At the feeling of his brothers arms around him Eddie began to sob. Stan just held him tighter. This wasn’t the first time Eddie had come to his brother beat up, but every time it did happen, to Stan it still felt like it was the first time. He had always tried to protect Eddie from anything that could hurt him, the guilt of failing to do so when they were younger ate at him everyday.

Somewhere in between these thoughts they had ended up on Stan’s bed. Soon Eddie’s sobs became smaller. Without having to be asked Stan went and got the spare inhaler he kept in his bathroom just for occasions like this. After a few puffs from it Eddie began to calm down slowly.

“Eddie, can you tell me what happened?” Stan asked his little brother while wrapping his arms back around Eddie’s small frame. “I want to help you, bunny, but I can’t if I don’t know what’s wrong.”

After what felt like years, the younger brother finally spoke for the first time since he has arrived.

“That pill, the new one she’s making me take? It makes me sleepy. I thought I could make it up the stairs but I fell.” As he spoke Eddie could feel a new wave of tears coming.

“She got mad that I was being loud and kicked me out.” He added in a whisper. They both knew Sonia had done more than just kick Eddie out, there was always more to the story with Sonia Kaspbrak. But Stan simply cupped Eddie’s face and wiped away his tears as gently as he could, not wanting to hurt him anymore.

“Let’s go to bed, okay? You’ve had a long day, we can talk in the morning.”. Both boys laid down and prepared for what was bound to be a sleepless night.

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When the next morning finally arrived Stan was the first to wake. When the brothers were younger he had to wake up early to put Eddie back in his crib before Sonia could see and think he was trying to get Eddie sick, the habit had stuck with him well after the divorce.

He carefully removed himself from the bed, making sure to not wake up Eddie. He snuck down the stairs and into the kitchen. He looked for something to make for Eddie when he woke up. But he found nothing. ‘*We’ll have to go to the store today*’ he thought to himself.

He heard the water upstairs being to run. Figuring his time would be wasted standing in an empty kitchen Stan made his way back upstairs. Once he reached his bathroom door he knocked lightly “Hey Eddie, do you need any help with the conditioner?”

“No! I’m fine, thanks Stanny!” Stan sighed and sets about doing his own morning routine. Making sure to do everything the right way, in the right order. Not too long after he’s completed his rituals Eddie came back into the bedroom.

“We need to go to the store sometime today. There’s nothing to eat here.” Stan said fixing his stripped polos collar in the mirror.

“Okay. We should probably go now so we can get to the quarry before the others. I need to make sure the water isn’t too hot. Do you know how many times bacteria multiplies when warm? A fuck ton...” Eddie said. Stan rolled his eyes at his brothers antics, it was going to be one of those days. “...the flesh eating ones already live on your skin Stan! Al-“

“Ok! We should probably head out now. If we end up being late Richie may come looking for us.” Stan smirked watching Eddie’s face go red at the mention of the trashmouth. Eddie caught Stan’s smirk and mumbled a small shut up causing Stan to laugh out loud, ruffling his little brothers hair. Eddie scowled, snaking his brother's hand

away.

After getting the money from their stepmom they made their way outside and onto their bikes. They had just gotten into the store and grabbed a box of cookies when Eddie turned into the next aisle and stopped dead in his tracks. Stan walked right into him and was about to start questioning him when he looked up. There at the end of the aisle with her back facing the two boys, was Sonia Kaspbrak.

Stan snapped back into reality as she started to turn towards them. He grabbed Eddie, who was still frozen, and lead him to the bathroom. As soon as Stan closed the stall door and locked it Eddie began hyperventilating. Stan knew Eddie's asthma was purely psychological and that Sonia was the one to convince Eddie he had it.

But none the less he got the inhaler that was in Eddie's first fanny pack, even if it was psychological the inhaler helped Eddie. Stan pulled the shaking boy close to him as began playing with his curls while softly singing.

All at once they're little kids again hiding in the closet from the yelling and the cigarette smoke. Eddie in Stan's lap, the older singing quietly, wiping Eddie's tears away, blinking away his own. The pain from his burned hand grey in comparison to the pain he felt seeing the matching mark on his little brother. The tells only getting louder, the panic growing. Why hadn't he smelt the smoke? It's his fault, it always is just like she said, she was right—

"Stan?" His little brother's voice cutting off his thought "Stanny are you okay? You're squeezing a little tight" Eddie said in a shaky voice.

"Sorry Bunny," Stan apologized. He reached over and grabbed the forgotten cookies next to them. Popping off the lid and taking one cookie out "want a cookie?" He asked with a small smile, holding the cookie out towards Eddie.

"We haven't paid for those yet." Eddie said giving him a ludicrous look.

Stan suppressed the urge to roll his eyes at that, "We can pay when we leave Eddie. I'm not Richie."

Letting out a shaky laugh Eddie took the cookie from Stan's hand with a small smile. Stan grabbed one for himself. They sat there on the bathroom floor eating cookies and joking around for another thirty minutes before remembering they had friends they needed to meet up with.

Slowly standing up they made their way out into the store. After checking to make sure the coast was clear they walked to the check out and sheepishly handed the cashier the now empty box, who gave them no more than an odd look. Once they got their change they raced back to the Uris house, Eddie's panic from sitting on a bathroom floor finally kicking in.

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It had been three days since the boys had seen Sonia at the grocery store. Three days past when Eddie was supposed to go back home. They knew if Eddie didn't go back soon Sonia would come after Donald's head. The brothers had packed what little Eddie had grabbed from his house. Stan glared at the bag as though it had personally offended him and was taking Eddie away.

"I'll see you at school tomorrow." Eddie said picking up his bike from where he had thrown it. Stan nodded absentmindedly at Eddie's words.

"Shit, I almost forgot! Wait right here!" Stan called over his shoulder, jogging back to the house, leaving behind a very confused Eddie. After disappearing behind the large front door for a minute Stan reappeared holding his hands behind his back.

"I've been saving up for a while now, I figured it was a good idea." Stan told him holding out a set of walkie talkies "So we can always talk. Even when you're at her house." Stan explained a light smile on his face.

"Shit these must have cost a lot, thank you Stan!" Eddie said, throwing his arms around Stan's neck. They pulled away, Eddie beginning to play with his new walkie talkie.

"Hey Eddie? Please, please don't take that pill again." Stan looked at

his brother with a serious look replacing the previous happy one.

“Alright I won’t, I promise.” Eddie promised hopping on his bike.  
“Bye Stan!” He called back beginning to ride down the street.

“Bye Bunny!” Stan called back ‘*Be safe*’ he thought to himself as he watched Eddie ride away, back to that hell hole.

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“...their wingspan can grow to be over 3 feet long.” Stans voice read to Eddie through the walkie talkie. Eddie fell asleep listening to his brother read to him from his encyclopedia of birds, feeling the best he has in a long while. It didn’t take long for Stan to fall asleep as well, a small smile on his face.

Neither knew what would happen next or what the next day may bring but they knew they had each other and to them that’s all that mattered.

Author's Note:

I hecking hate editing its such a pain